Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI

THE REVENGE OF THE MEDIAEVAL.

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

THE crimes of Mexico are strange; they have a quality which is all their own. The mixture of races, the remnants of the antique in two of the strangest peoples of the earth, lend here a magic touch. The annals of any year of modern Mexico will show true tales that seem to savor of "Arabian Nights."

In Yucatan a feudal system yet exists. The fiefs are large. Some of the nobility are Spaniards and some are Mexicans of mingled blood. Many families are very old. The serfs are Indians, and in general are not oppressed, but happy. But the system is not called feudalism, for the Mexican constitution never yet denied that all men are created free and equal.

Near Uxmal, those mysterious ruins of a dead race, stretched out the lordly domains of a hacienda. Benjamin Oviedo, 30 years of ago, owned 10,000 square miles of land. The great fields of heniquen—that austere plant—stretched away from the low, white buildings of his castle for leagues and leagues, and lay shimmering beneath a tropical sun. The soil was grayish-brown. The clustered bayonets of that sisal hemp, which brought him fabulous wealth, slept in rows, receding before the eye, came closer together in the limitless furnace of the tropic distance, and joined and lost themselves in a noonday haze away against yon mountain.

The buildings, all low, spacious, with wide tile-roofed verandas, occupied several acres. The central castle of the lord was formed about a hollow square wherein high trees cast shade, and a horse was drinking thirstily at a fountain.

"Come out, Cousin Soledad!" cried Benjamin, throwing himself from the saddle.

She came out, a girl of a coquettish eye, sweet lips, and gold hair. She was fair and slender, and a big hat shaded her face.

"I don't like to talk to you, stupid," said she. "You don't know anything but heniquen. Now, Federico has been to the United States and studied at the Leland Stanford university. Ha! ha!—you big old stupid!"

"Is it stupid to love you?" He caught at her hand, smiling exceedingly, and feeling sure of himself.

She began to act very shy. "You are a mediaeval brute. Federico says we are all mediaeval. You beat Indians—you know you do. I saw you hit that old woman's face with a whip, and it bled. You wicked thing." She let her eye coquet with him and tossed her gold hair, which hung down. The neck of her dress was low.

"Let me kiss yours—to make up for it? It will not bleed," said he, audaciously, twirling his mustache with begemmed fingers.

"Hush, stupid!"

He was in truth mediaeval—a big, fierce animal of a man, but handsome. He did beat Indians; he was cruel. He had never been out of Yucatan, and, unlike others more progressive, was a thirteenth-century feudalist at heart.

"Soledad! One—just one!"

"Oh, no!" She pushed him away, sweetly, with gentle hands, and blushed, pleased.

"One!"

"Not a half of one, big stupid."

"Then a whole one! There!"

He did kiss her—and the truth of the thing is that she let him. She loved him not; but it was sweet to coquet—just once. She did that thing which, though reprehensible, is yet done by many a good woman. The hiedous old god glared down. So long, so long, since he had seen a kiss.

Benjamin's immediate family were all dead. He was literally emperor of all he surveyed. She was an orphan, living in his house temporarily with some old women cousins, till they should put her in the convent of the Sacret Heart in Mexico city in the fall.

"I have won her love!" cried Benjamin to himself. "No convent for her!"

Next day Robert de la Mora rode over from his hacienda, 30 miles away. He came along between two endless rows of austere heniquen. But Benjamin had gone away to look after some horses. So Roberto and Soledad went walking in the shade of the evening to see the ruins. They tower up—strange, fascinating. There are dead temples; curious pyramids, carvings barbaric, a wide imperial avenue leading to a vast and tottering pile.

They sat down, just when the sun went under the endless world of heniquen, a red ball. Oddly enough they were at the feet of another hideous god who stood there, his countenance that of some transcendent villain. A breeze blew her gold hair gently round her bare, white neck. Roberto, the taciturn, sighed:

"Why, Soledad, do you call us all mediaeval?"

"Because, living under the shadow of these brutal gods, you cannot get away from mediaeval brutality. Other hacendados in Yucatan are not so. Progress and light are very strong and very bright in Yucatan. But you and Benjamin—ugh!"—she looked so dainty just then—"you are two stupid tigers. "You, also, beat Indian women." She admonished him with a sweetly severe finger, put up all but into his eye. "I saw one, sir," the finger went up and down slowly, "with a scar on her back."

"Pff," said he, with a sneer. "Indians are beasts. Don't I own them? They've got to work."

"Federico doesn't beat his, you old silly," she pouted. Her face was strong, if roguish.

"Plague Federico! Soledad, I hate the beasts of Indians. I'm their master, I am; they've got to obey. I own 6,000 of them. Cholita, I am a man of few words. I want you to own them, too. I want you to marry me. I must, I must have you."

His eye was now sinister, burning, compelling. He sat with his powerful hands gripping his knees, and his gaze consuming her. She blushed clear down to the low neck of the dress.

"Oh, no!" she murmured, turning round to the god's feet, all confused.

"Love me!" burst out he, stern and fierce.

"I—I can't!" She shrank, but was tingling.

"I'll kiss you!" swore he.

He did it—and the truth of the thing is that she let him. She had no love for him; nor was she in the habit of being kissed, either. But this was such a powerful, big, mediaeval animal, who bloodily beat Indians—it was sweet to win him. In permitting this second kiss she did that which, though highly reprehensible, a woman may just possibly do and yet be good.

"I have won her!" said Roberto. "No convent for her!"

Three days afterward, at dusk, Federico came over from his hacienda, 50 miles away. On the morrow there would be a ball and an entertainment, and all the people for 100 miles were coming. Federico lived with his parents on that distant neighboring domain. There is a freedom here among neighbors. To come a day too soon, to make himself at home, to spend two nights instead of one—this is all natural enough. But not the entertainment of tomorrow drew here the high-spirited young Mexican so early.

She thought Roberto was ten leagues distant. She believed Benjamin, who had been inspecting some poor land away off somewhere, would not be home till ten o'clock. She just chanced to be walking between two mighty rows of that austere heniquen when Federico appeared. She blushed to begin with; and just sat down right away, not feeling like doing anything. He was handsome and slender. He dismounted and sat down, too, beside the stiff arsenal of the heniquen plant. The evening breeze blew her hair, and she was white. She was not now coquettish; she was not roguish. She did not say anything at all, but just sat there and trembled.

He was not mediaeval. He had been to the United States and spoke English. Leland Stanford university had been a grand field to win continuous victory in, and he had come back full of life and happiness—and then Soledad had walked smiling into his existence.

"It is—it is cooler," said he, with consummate awkwardness! for to say it was a great task; to open his lips and not let his heart flow out was a great task.

She could not reply at all; she did not know it was cooler. Indeed, it was not. She was hardly breathing, and shrank under the spear of the heniquen plant. There was one minute of frozen silence. And then he, able to wait no more, took her in his arms, murmuring that which was not words at all, but love inarticulate and sweet. And she, with her gold hair hanging over his arm, and her face pale and beautiful, let him kiss her not once but a hundred times. In giving her love to him so fully and so richly, she did that which no woman can do and not be good.

"You will marry me," he said, at last. "There shall be no convent any more for you."

"Your heart, Federico," she replied —"your heart is my convent now."

But the unhappy thing is this: Benjamin and Roberto had met, some leagues away, and, talking about machinery and the entertainment of the morrow, had ridden back together. They had examined certain heniquen plants behind the ruins, and then had climbed to the summit of the highest ruined temple, that Benjamin might point out some spots in his fields which were growing poorly. Wide was that mighty view—an empire of great wealth—and the tropic evening cast across its limitless expanse of greenish bayonets a hue of pink. Down there, just visible, was Soledad, and Federico's kisses were being pressed upon her cheek.

Benjamin turned his eye of fire on Roberto. Roberto's cruel gaze came round and rested on Benjamin.

"Curse her! Curse her!" grated the latter, his fists clenched.

"You fool!" raged Benjamin, "what is it to you—you! The shame is mine. Had she not given her love to me?"

"You lie in your throat," said Roberto, his eye colder and crueler.

"Dog—do you call me liar in the very moment of my disonor? I'll kill you, you dog—and her, too! She gave her love to me four days ago—yonder, do you hear?—by the fountain, under that infernal god!"

He flew at Roberto, in his rage, to knock him down. Roberto fought him. but in defensive manner; and presently held him off. "You mad man!" sneered he, his face vicious and white. "You are duped, then, as I am duped. Let us not fight each other. Three days ago, beneath this other god, she was in my arms at sunset, and I kissed her."

Benjamin, stunned, sat slowly down, answering the other's sneer with a look of hate. "Then," said he, at length, "we should be revenged together."

"Revenge? What revenge is there but death?"

They remained long in silence there on the ruined temple's summit. Roberto's form was cut against the evening sky, and it grew dark. "Then let it be death," said he.

They were silent for half an hour—a slow, cold half an hour. The night hid the heniquen fields below.

"Whose death?" asked Benjamin, his eyes turned to the eastern stars.

There was no answer for another hour—a whole long hour.

"Hers," said Roberto, at last.

"That will not be revenge enough on him."

"I will devise," Roberto said, "revenge for him."

At nine o'clock in the morning Soledad was pasting many colored papers on a large earthern jar. The jar was assuming the shape of a doll, decked out ludicrously; was being hid, in fact, by paper skirts of yellow and red. Soledad was under the trees by the veranda.

"What is it?" growled Benjamin, who had not slept, and looked at her in a manner she had never seen before.

"The pinata—have you forgotten, stupid? To-night is not Christmas eve, no, no! But we're going to have a pinata, anyhow. Everybody is coming—you will invite them yourself, big stupid. I'll fill the jar with the sweetest things you ever saw, and we'll all have a knock at it."

Federico was mounting his horse yonder, and riding away to inspect some fields, and return in the evening. She was confused, and could say no more, but pasted and pasted. The pinata was put away then, with a sigh, in a corner of the kitchen, and she sat down beside it and dreamed for an hour.

At ten Benjamin called her out behind the low white walls. It was very hot and she came in the big straw hat. Its ribbons were red, and hung across her shoulders with her hair, or blew with it languidly. There stood her cousin and Roberto, looking like sick men, but stern. They seized her hands and bound them with ropes. She cried out a little, but was too proud to beg for anything. Then they led her to the ruins. She was terrified, but she defied them. She laughed at them, as she went, dragged on; and they but turned smoldering eyes on her.

The ruins were lonely. Only the all-powerful sun looked on the mysterious avenue of the race long dead. They tied her, standing, to the column of a ruined temple, in the sun.

"Tell me now," said Benjamin, slowly, all the evil of his nature looking from his burning eyes, "did you give me your love at the feet of that god?"

"And if you say yes," said Roberto, his voice like the ring of iron, "then are you traitor to me."

"And if you say no, then are you traitor to me," echoed her cousin.

She was very white and could not move her hands, which, tied behind her, hurt her. "Big stupids!" she dared, throwing defiance at them, "you think you have me cornered. Ha! ha! Have you not seen the corn give a single blade to the evening breeze, that the breeze might wave it to and fro? Thus, only thus, Benjamin the mediaeval, did I give my love to you!"

"And did you not," cried Roberto, "give me, then, your love, at this other stone god's feet?"

"And if you say yes," said Benjamin, "then are you double traitor to me."

"And if you say no," the other's voice echoed, "then are you double traitor to me."

"Yes, yes, oh, bloody beater of women!" mocked she; "as the corn gives its tassels to be tossed, once, by the morning wind, thus, only thus, Roberto, the mediaeval did I give my love to you!"

"And did you not, last night—confess it, unbelievable wretch—yonder by the heniquen, rest in the arms of Federico?—for thus are you triple traitor to us both."

"Beaters of women," she mocked, haughty, erect and smiling, "you remnants of the mediaeval, as the corn gives up its fruit in the fall, thus did I give my love to Federico!"

"Triple traitor—base!" raged Benjamin, whirled away in his transport, "as the corn is cut down—so you die!"

They slew her, and buried her body secretly at the god's feet. To this day, so carefully did they conceal their work, it is not known who killed the fair-haired Soledad.

The slow, hot day dragged on. Benjamin and Roberto were seen no more till the hot hours passed. The evening came, and the guests—on horseback or in curious, old, high carriages—arrived. At night the great parlor was alight. From haciendas as far as 200 miles away rode the guests. They are a unique people, and have their own amusements. They feel themselves lords of the earth. They are enormously rich, and many have traveled widely.

The pinata is an earthen jar filled with sweets or little presents, and dressed up like a doll. It is hung from the ceiling. Each man or maid is blindfolded, takes a stick, and strikes three times, often with comical effect, to break the jar. Many miss, and, in succession, others try. When at last the lucky striker hits the doll, crash goes the pinata, and the sweets all fly. Then for the scramble. This is distinctly a Christmas sport, but is sometimes indulged in at other seasons.

Dark maidens hid their dancing eyes in that bandage, and struck at air amid peals of laughter. Strong men stumbled about in awkward blindness. Once a stick shattered a window. Once a fair lady hit a noble gentleman on the shins. The fun was uproar, and the doll swung whole.

But where was Soledad?

"I saw her recently," said Benjamin, and shut his jaws.

"She will come, no doubt, in due time," echoed Roberto, his lips sneering and cruel.

It came Federico's time to strike.

"But where is Soledad?" all were now crying.

"She will come," said Benjamin. But he could stand no more; he grew dizzy and went away.

Amid shouts of merriment, Federico tied the cloth about his eyes. The crowd gave way, leaving the room's center free, making a circle of excited faces and many colors all about him. Yonder by the farthest door stood Roberto. He did not grow dizzy, but he did not laugh.

Once the strong arm of Federico struck out with the stick and hit the air. A cheer went up. He struck again, but only tore away the poor doll's skirt. He raised his arm and struck once more, and a crash was heard. The pieces flew wild, but the sweets that came from that earthen jar were never made by man. At his feet they fell. A cry rose up; then silence held the crowd spell-bound. He tore the bandage off.

The head of Soledad was at his feet. There was nothing horrible about her face. It did not seem the face of death. It was white, but very beautiful; and the gold hair that streamed therefrom lay shining on the floor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Thackeray's house at Kensington, built according to his plans and occupied by him for a short time only before his death, has been offered for sale.

Artificial incubators are being used in England for pheasants and other game birds. Nearly all the ostriches on South African ranches are also raised in incubators.

Daniel O'Connell, grandson of the liberator, died recently while serving on the British side in South Africa. He was drowned while trying to cross a stream near Bloemfontein.

A French seagoing torpedo boat, the Bourrasque, recently made the trip between Cherbourg and Havre in 2½ hours, an average speed of 29 knots an hour, under ordinary working conditions.

A set of volumes containing plates from Watteau, the "Figures de differents characteres de paysages," the "Etudes dessinees d'apres nature" and the "Oeuvres" brought $3,325 lately in London, a record price.

At Malling, Kent, a man named Andrew King dropped dead recently while laughing at a friend's joke. An autopsy showed that his heart was five times the size of the normal human heart and twice the size of that of an ox.

Notary Angelo Alviti, of Alatri, in Sardinia, age 100, has just married a 26-year-old wife. He has a great-grandchild descended from one of his previous marriages. His mother knitted a pair of silk stockings for Pope Pius IX. when she was 105 years old.

An authentic centenarian, Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, died recently at Richmond, Surrey, aged 108 years and 144 days. Her father was born in 1749 and her mother died in 1795. She saw George III. riding on horseback before he became mad. She was a Quaker and took an active part in the anti-slavery movement. Sir Percy Sanderson, the British consul-general in New York, was her cousin.

TEACHING TO TILL.

Money Spent by the English Government in Aiding Education in Agriculture.

The "decline of British agriculture" is a mournful phrase so constantly before us that the publication of the annual report on the distribution of grants for agricultural education and research excites pleasurable anticipations.

The pleasurable anticipations are, however, not altogether fulfilled unless the contemplation of the expenditure of the munificent total of £8,050 in 1900, an excess of £300 over the previous year's total, can be said to fulfill them. It does not look, on the face of it, like a heroic attempt to lift British agriculture out of the mire, says the London Express.

But there is the satisfaction afforded by a bulky report which nicely spreads that £8,050 over 210 pages of official verbosity.

The larger sums are, it appears, awarded in the form of subventions to the collegiate centers of agricultural education, and among the special features may be noted the payment of £200 each to the joint council of the East and West Ridings and to the University of Cambridge. This was in recognition of the acquisition of farms by these centers.

It must be conceded that there are far more facilities for instruction available to agriculturists than formerly. Perhaps the supply is equal to the demand.

"As yet neither the western, west midland, nor northwestern groups of counties have seen their way to form regular combinations for consolidating the several schemes of agricultural instruction which they have organized for themselves."

In the report there is a reference to "the complete and classified if somewhat costly arrangements of the French government for its active agricultural population of nearly 7,000,000 persons, of whom by far the largest section were farming on their own account on a cultivated area so greatly wider than our own.

"The forms of instruction applicable to a country such as England, where the mean level of production is already well ahead of other states, will necessarily differ from any of these types.

"With us the highest form of science has to be appealed to; to teach how, without undue cost, theory may be safely applied to practice, so that each bushel of grain or each ton of meat raised from British acres may be still further improved in order to meet the strain of competition from lands of low acreage production on widening and extensive areas."

This reference to "widening and extensive areas" does remind one of certain extensive areas of untilled land in Great Britain.

New Migrants Come with Flowers.

Plants and flowers from other countries bring with them new migrants in the shape of bugs, bees and other insects. Concealed in the blossom or bud of the plants, they remain dormant during the long voyage, but when they reach land where climate and surroundings are congenial to their active growth they come forth to establish themselves in their land of adoption. Thus from Bermuda we have brought insects by the hundreds concealed in the beautiful Easter lily blossoms, and from all parts of the world strange insects hid away in the cup-like blooms of orchids, which hunters risked their lives to secure, have been introduced in our midst to work destruction or add to our pleasures.—N. Y. Times.

Apple Blossoms in a Rose.

A strange flower has been borne by a Malmaison rose bush growing in a garden at Violet Hill, Stowmarket, England. The bush was close to an apple tree, and on one of the largest buds bursting into bloom five perfect apple blossoms, each on separate stalks, were seen growing in the center. As the petals of the rose developed the apple blossoms opened, the two forming a curious contrast.—N. Y. Sun.

Sands O' Dee.

The River Dee in Scotland has had more poems written in its honor than any other stream in the British isles. —N. Y. Sun.

A REMARKABLY BRAVE MAN.

Scorned to Use Anything But His Fists Upon Midnight Marauders.

Ever since the midsummer reign of burglar terror swept over the suburban towns just north of New York, burglars and their ways have been generally discussed at afternoon teas in the afflicted belt, states the New York Tribune. All of the popular burglar fiction has been read and reread, and some of the women have even taken to detective stories, in hopes of being able to develop their own clews in case their homes should be visited. Although with the coming of autumn the number of burglaries has fallen off to a delightful degree, the women are still talking about it.

"I am not afraid of these horrid burglar persons," said a dainty little woman at a tea in New Rochelle one afternoon the other week. "My husband is a brave man and he would protect me."

"Your house has not been robbed," said a matron who has more years to her credit in the book of life and who had sacrificed all of her solid silver to the aforesaid burglars. "Wait until the burglars get to prowling around on the floor below and see what your husband will do. Unless he's a most extraordinary man he will stay in bed and let the silver go."

"I'd have you know my husband is as brave as a lion," said the little woman, and her tone indicated that she would like to add: "You horrid thing!"

"I used to think men were brave, and all that," said a third woman, who had been an amused listener, "but I've changed my mind. They have but little more courage than women when it comes to burglars. I had an experience which proves it."

"Oh, do tell us," exclaimed the rest of the room.

"Well, it was this way," she began. "John was called to Philadelphia on business soon after we got back to the country, and he hated to leave three women alone in the big house. I was not afraid, but the evening before I had seen a suspicious man about the place, so I told him I'd feel safer if there was a man about. He sent his partner out from the city to protect us. He was one of the nicest men I've ever met—a big six-foot chap who played football at college and who looked strong enough to do anything. He talked bravely, too. When I offered to let him have John's revolver he said:

"Oh, never mind; I won't need any weapon but my fists if the burglars should come prowling around tonight. I never fight with anything else.'

"Now, that was very brave, and it made me a little jealous, for I knew that John would never have voiced such sentiments. Anyway, we felt very safe with the man who scorned weapons on watch on the ground floor. He left in the morning before we were up, and what do you suppose we found?"

"That the house had been robbed while he slept," ventured one.

"That he was a burglar in disguise," ventured another, whose imagination had speed like that of a racing automobile.

"No; you are all wrong. This man who never used weapons, but depended on his fists, had taken a set of golf clubs from the hall rack and the heavy brass tongs and poker from the fireplace. They were leaning against his pillow at the head of the bed, and in his hurry he had forgotten to remove the evidences of his unconfessed fear of things that prowl in the dark."

THE RICHEST RULER.

Emperor William Is Undoubtedly Since the Dividing of Queen Victoria's Estate.

Emperor William is undoubtedly the richest monarch in the world, now that Queen Victoria's estate has been divided. He inherited more than $30,000,000 from his grandfather 13 years ago, which was well invested and has since rapidly increased in value. He inherited another fortune from his father, the late Emperor Frederick. His wife was also rich, and her property has multiplied under prudent management and with the development of the material interests of the empire. The emperor has been fortunate in securing good investments through his friends in financial circles. They know that he appreciates such favors, and when they have something they can recommend they save him a slice of it. But he never speculates in stocks or bonds, and never buys anything on margins, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

Most of his money is invested in gilt-edge mortgages upon buildings in Berlin and other large cities of the empire. He owns acres on Frederick Strasse, the principal business street of Berlin, and holds mortgages upon acres more. In the new part of the city he has extensive investments in residence property, and is the proprietor of whole blocks of apartment houses erected on land which he purchased when it was an unsightly dumping ground, but is now the most expensive part of the fashionable residence quarter. He has similar investments in other cities.

When the memorial church to his grandfather was erected near the Zoological gardens, the finest church in Berlin, it was surrounded by indifferent buildings. The emperor's pride was touched, and he entered into negotiations for the improvement of the property by the erection of buildings of a suitable character. Before he had accomplished his purpose he had loaned and expended more than $600,000, but considers himself doubly fortunate, first in improving the appearance of that part of the city, and, secondly, in securing so profitable an investment.

Peculiar Viennese Custom.

At Venice when anyone dies it is the custom to fix a placard before the dead person's house, as well as in adjacent streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth, and the illness from which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian, and requesting the prayers of the faithful.—Chicago Journal.

Better Than Dynamite.

When it comes to opening a heart, flattery is superior to dynamite.—Chicago Daily News.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

Rare Devotion Displayed by a Noble White Teacher.

Vaccinated Hundreds of Indians During Recent Smallpox Epidemic — Fumigation of a New Mexican Pueblo.

[Special New Mexico Letter.]

OVER a year ago an epidemic of smallpox visited several Indian pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona. I was at Laguna, N. M., while this dread disease was at its height and saw with great satisfaction the intense devotion shown by the noble white teacher, Mrs. A. M. Sayre, to the pest-stricken people. Her school, necessarily, was closed, and her duties as a teacher perforce ended. Under such circumstances and with a score or more of the men, women and children of the little town afflicted with the dread and loathsome disease she might reasonably have asked for a change of location or a leave of absence. She did neither. With a bravery and heroism equal to that of any of our most applauded war heroes she stuck to her post, and, every day, changing her clothing, went to the homes of the suffering Indians, gave them medicine, attended to their personal wants, prepared such food as they could eat, and did the menial duties of house cleaning and the like. Then, wearied out, as each day closed, she would return to her lonesome little cottage, put off her pest-infected garments, carefully bathe and disinfect herself and fill her evenings in devising other means of benefiting her helpless and ignorant charges.

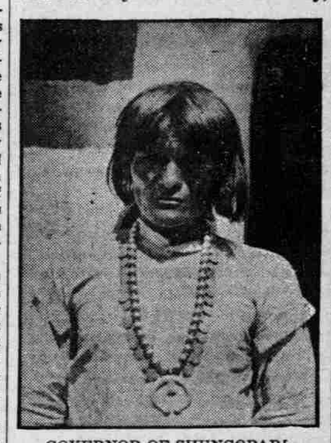
One hears a great deal of the incompetency of the Indian department, but if all its members were composed of such heroic stuff as this gallant little woman few words would be needed to censure, but many to praise.

The world applauds the bravery of a

SHUNGOPAVI, WHERE THE INDIANS BARRICADED THEMSELVES.

Father Damien who goes to the leper-infected island of the Pacific, but knows nothing of the self-sacrificing woman who exposes herself to the dread smallpox because her Indian charges are so ignorant as not to know how to care for themselves, and are thus helpless when smitten by the disease. Unaided and alone she vaccinated over a hundred and fifty Indians of all ages, and personally cared for the score or more who eventually died.

The disease spread. Zuni was fearfully smitten, and then the Hopi villages were attacked. Here at once it seemed at first as if it would more than decimate the people. Then rapidly others began to succumb, until governmental interference was necessary. The Hopi are not only ignorant, but set in their ways. This is one of the belonging to a colored regiment, woes of ignorance, that it does not know that it does not know. It has done certain things for generations, and not only knows no other way,



GOVERNOR OF SHUNGOPARI.

but does not wish to know. The heroic field matrons who stuck to their posts tried to teach the afflicted Indians that they must not expose others to the contagion, and those who were free from the disease were urged to keep away from all who suffered. But words were useless. The garment of a sick Indian would as readily be put on by a well one as if it were his own, and the rapid spread of the disease could well be imagined.

At last it was determined to make a bold attempt to stamp out the disease at Shungopavi, the town on the middle mesa where it seemed to have the greatest hold. The ordinary employes of the government were unable to do a thing, so the military were called upon. A force of soldiers which was quartered at Fort Wingate, was sent up to the scene, and, under the direction of the reservation physician was instructed to begin and conclude the work of cleaning, fumigating and disinfecting the homes of the Hopi. With the persistent folly of ignorance the Indians refused to allow anything to be done. They barricaded their doors and removed the ladders from the lower story of the houses so that no access could be obtained. Of course, there was no attempt at forcible ejection or armed resistance to the United States government forces, yet the persistent refusal of the Indians to allow the soldiers to enter their houses made it quite a serious question as to what should be done. How was the officer to proceed? He gave command that the doors should be forced, the barricades removed and the inhabitants brought out as gently as could be. And what a sight it was to see those commands carried out. The soldiers were not allowed to defend themselves in any other way than pugilists are, and weapons were to be entirely discarded.

The black lads in blue seemed to take the whole affair as a huge joke. They entered into the spirit of the thing with energy and enthusiasm and determined to give and take in a jolly good-natured way which nothing could overcome. Accordingly they advanced towards the village. I camped the other day on exactly the same spot where they did, and I sat and imagined their march. Though under orders they were allowed considerable freedom, and they were jolly as schoolboys as they advanced on that stony mesa top towards the narrow alleyway that gives entrance from the north to the town. They found a barricade here, and while some proceeded to pull it away, others marched around to the east and gained entrance there. Then what fun they had. The doors were fastened and on the roofs of the terraced houses above some of the Indians stood, gesticulating, screaming, shouting and threatening. A group of soldiers advanced upon one of the doors and tried to force it; and another group decided to scale the wall and thus reach the second-story houses that way. Look at the large picture. Imagine the ladders away and the soldiers making backs for one another to climb up on. Yonder a furious dame met the climbers with a melon or squash tied in a blanket, swinging it to and fro, until at last it came down with a crash upon a young negro's head. It was a case of "the irresistible meeting the immovable." The squash was smashed out of all semblance to anything and the negro laughingly climbed on, threw his arms around the old lady and held her until others of his comrades came and helped to tie her, so that she should do no further harm.

Meanwhile entrance was gained to other houses. The men and women, boys and girls dashed at the soldiers, but were one by one seized and carried outside of the village. The afflicted people were found and all taken to one house, where they were properly provided for, and duly quarantined. Then the ransacking of the houses began. Every piece of wearing apparel that could not properly be fumigated and disinfected was taken out and burned, together with every article likely to spread contagion. Then began the process of sweeping out, disinfecting and whitewashing the houses, and while this was going on now and again a desperate Indian would break loose from his guard and dash madly towards those who were burning his household goods, or desecrating his lares and penates by the unholy washings of the white man. Then perhaps some dare-devil soldier would turn the hose he held upon the wild savage and as the stream hit him full in the face, over he would go, to the accompaniment of the jests and shouts of the soldiers. It was rude and rough fun, there is no doubt, and very wounding to the feelings of the Indians, and yet I doubt if any other way would have been better. To take the matter too seriously might have deeply wounded the sensitive souls of these Indians—for we who know them realize that they are as sensitive as we are, but by doing it in this rough and tumble funny way the end would be attained with far less danger than by too great enthusiasm.

The result has demonstrated the wisdom of the plan. I was at Shungopavi last month and conversed very fully with the governor, whose picture is here given. Instead of being desperately angry with the white men, he met my proffered friendship more than half way and did what I have never had the chief of a Hopi village do before. He sent for the chief priests of the Antelope and Snake fraternities—the two chiefs who control the fascinating rites of the snake dance—and urged them to give me an invitation to be present at their celebration which takes place next year. The invitation was extended and accepted and I hope to be present as their guest next August, when this interesting ceremony occurs.

G. WHARTON JAMES.

Concealment.

"You say you are a detective?"

"Yes."

"But ought you not to conceal the fact to some degree?"

"I do."

"How?"

"'By not detecting anything."—Washington Star.

Some Evidence.

He—He claims to be related to some of the royal families of Europe.

She—But there is nothing to indicate that he is?

He—No—except that he is heavily in debt.—Brooklyn Life.

The Usual Thing.

Seldum Fedd—Well, pard, w'at you been doin' since I seen you last?

Soiled Spooner—Givin' imitations of a man lookin' for work.—Puck.